Dear Js, 7/29/72

A few comments on the clips that came yesterday:

Jerry Voorhis and his book on Nixon: the incredible thing is that in a polite way, not with Nixon's roughness with him and Helen Douglas, Jerry did exactly the same thing with the left in his day on the UnAmerican Committee. I knew him in the 30s. You never so so deeply concerned, so obviously agonizing a political cutthroat. If what was done to him was one of the rottener performances of a career built on them, beginning with him, Jerry was a phoney liberal who axed from the other side. He was put on the UnAmerican committee in the alleged hope of moderating it, giving it balance, but he entered into the spirit of the Neanderthals, but you never saw one so in anguish. It was visible, vocal and immaterial. But he sure could write a book on DirthDickery.

Neworleans politics and the judges, etc. It is true that Garrison was opposed to all electronic eavesdropping. I think he wouldn't even let one lawyer listen in on a phone call of another where it would have the same effect. Just as good because they were Keystone Kops with anything like t at. This story is from my own experience. My second or third trip to N.O. they'd picked up a tip there would be a hit on me. So. Lynn Loisel, on meeting me at the airport, so informed me and asked me if it would be ok if they took and staffed an adjoining room and bugged mine. Of course. We sat, rather conspicuously, in the Fountainebleau coffee shop for several hours awaiting the emptying of the second of a connecting pair. Finally, there was an availability. He checked us both in under fake named. One of us was Anthony Dunne. I never used an alias ever. One we were in he used our phones, his or mine, to call the office, and a guy named George came with his kit. They installed a spike mike quite invisible in my room, checked it, and it worked well. The wired it to a tape recorder, and the tape was picking conversation up fine. They George decided there should be a backup, an FM bug I could turn on and off. I agreed. I mean, after all, there was supposed to be a hit. They also feared the Bureau would sneak in and steal some of my files. So, I arranged to leave a worthless tape where it could be found (never bothered). George decided that the ideal place for the FM bug, a minerature transmitter with a built-in mikek and a short piece of wire as an aerial, was under the chair at the sort of desk. I protested I'd almost have to bet on hands and knees to operate the switch. He said naw, it was easy, and it was, by leaning a bit and feeling around a bit more. Naturally, he had it up on the bottom of the seat, taped in place. So the hand hand todm go down and then up several inches. I wanted to wear it, he said no, so I knew I'd not be able to utrn it on except in advance. Well, I got, of all things, David Ferrie's godson, later a Sheridan fink, to babysit for Barbara Reid, a sort of rightwing Madama LaFarge, took her to supper at the F with Moke May, then on a desk at the States, and after that we adjourned to my room for a long talk. So much no chance of real notes. No chance to activate the FM bug, but I figured what the hell, there are two dicks on the other side of the wall with two tape recorders and the spike mike is working fine, so I just explored all sorts of interesting things. She really knew everyone in the Quarter, then and for years back, including Thornley and others who'd known Oswald, and a couple of prime sources. We talked until quite late. I kept making hints that I expected one of Garrison's men soon and would she, when we were taking her home, mind introducing me to Clint Bolton, Thornley's idol and sort of agent. he would. I came back to this several times without any call, any knock on the door. We were at the end of a wing, so located that one of the round-the-clock pair of dicks could have lrft his door, walked to mine and knocked while holding his breath. No reactions, though. Layton Martens phoned me twice. No reaction. Jack Martin I caught spying on me from the outside. No reaction. Finally, I figured out what todo. I dialed the motel in which I wasfrom an outside line, asked for the room next door (so it would not appear obvious that I was phoning next door) asked for that room by number, and asked Lynn if he would be near where I was in say 15 minutes, or could he be. Sure he could. He was. And that is how much attention they paid to their bug. Two of them lay in bed looking at TV and all that outpouring was lost because they didn't monitor the tape machine. They had listened in on the input at the beginning, found it was coming through loud and clear, used a thin, 7" reel they know would last for hours, and learned back to enjoy. Fromx the clutter of food and drink remains in the room when later I got back, they had quite a night. But something had happened to the recorder, and all those hours were only gibberish, except for what

I could remember. With all the names she poured out, I couldn't begin to. But assuming it was all on tape I just let her gush. The next day, still not knowing the tape held nothing, I discussed it briefly with Garrison. He was ecstatic. It never dawned on him that with him and Moo well acquainted from Barbara from their quarter days, they should have interviewed her a year earlier. And turned her on to work for them. By the time they did this, months later, she was incapable of detachment and got all involved in paranoid preconceptions. Fortunately, I'd made enough notes to have the name of a rpime potential informant. That one will someday make a novel. Loisel did take us to Bolton's. He was then working in the duplication of Preservation Hall. It was called Dixieland Hall. An Al Clark, gay school-teacher ran it. He knew the gay scene and blurted out that he had seen Dean Andrews brink Oswald into his hall. Bolton was an extreme extremist. He agreed with my suggestion that KY would get in trouble, inevitably, unless he arranged to tell someone what he knew because the situation made it inevitable. He said he'd suggest that KT speak to me. The twisting of this that ensured you probably heard of. It caused me to have to investigate KT, with some rather interesting results. I began with no such intention. That night we were also told of the contents of Ferrie's files in Guy Gill's office, all sorts of thing I assumed a professional investigator would follow up. None of it happened. I am pretty sure this was 11/67, the week before Garrison's speech to the LA press convention at the Century Plaza. It was on my return to N.O. that I had doubt of their competence. On this trip, when I heard JG preparing his speech-he tried parts of it out on me in his den-I recognized it as a lifting from the intro to Photographic Whitewash and when I asked for his copy, he produced it and those pages were bent down! Knew I'd seen it somewhere, he said. No more. And when I got to Frisco he had left word he'd like me to be his guest at the LA speech! He didn, indeed, have an entire table for me. I didn't even have the $30 for the extra ticket fare to and from LA. And I had a tight schedule. Paul Hoch bought a ticket and gave it to me as a present. Hal arranged for some student to drive me to the Oakland airport, and I just made the plane from my college speech. When I got there I didn't use my table, having no such party anyway. I was with Maggie Fields, Ray Marcus, Bill O'Connell and others....Imx was, of course, disappointed in finding that Jim's were the typical politician's morals and ethics, but I'd lived with them for years and was willing to accept that, if not happily. I did suggest to him after the pseech that he memorize the line he then and always later flubbed, of LBJ, "No matter how humble his gathering of fagots, it it is humble he is, they stoke a witches cauldron and he is thought Macbeth. Rather good line,yoe? Jim loved it. But that fagots was a double entendre to him, Shaw and all that and his notion that Jenkins was "Mr. Balls" with the baberation of enjoying tennis balls thrown at his own genitalia, other such things, so he always broke up on that line and wasted a couple of graphs. I think it is on p.9. A comparison of texts will show this is where he got his doctrine and some of his words, later used in his book.

As you realize, the clips I read last night have triggered this note-making because I haven't kept a journal. The strange story on the judges and the federal eavesdropping is typical of N.O. Gallinghouse has no case so he makes the claimed fact public, and all those so outraged at the Shaw case are silent. Garrison, having announced there is no case and he'll do nothing, immediately says there is no case so he has to do something, and that, too, is natural. Alock, with one of the guys tainted by the tape his opponent, withdraws from the race for the judge's seat.(he is, by the way, a respected criminal prosecutor and a competent if not overly imaginative lawyer. Quite sincere and without illusion about JG.) And Sal Panzeca does fairly represent Shea's record of speed rather than justice. I've spent many an evening bending elbows with him and others at the same Fountainbleau coffeeshpt, where drinks also are served (I recall Monk Zeldon, a special bondsman whose name I'll not mention because he breached confidence to give me some files, Gervais, some race-track types as our companions). It was subject of their joking with Shea. No secret. He was Mr. Speed. And a hanging judge.

This secret file from the bondsman dealt with the arrest of the brother or one of the best-known figures in the U.S. under conditions suggesting a homosexual escapade and in a place frequented by Shaw. It is one of the things on which I was able to get JG's help in checking it out, to establish irrelevance and innocence. Whether or not the kid was gay, he was involved in nothing and the arrest should never have been. I'm surprised that the papers never picked it up because the anme is well-known and famous. Best, HW

Misc. N.O.Notes, 11/23/71

Ed Planer confirms ("absolutely") that Jesse Core was in the original Johann Rush footage that was preserved and viewed after the assassination. My earlier notes refer to Jesse's telling me about it.

I had bumped into Monk Zelden on the street with Jim Brown, saw him at least one other time before today and had another brief chat, and was with him three times today. I had a 1:00 p.m. lunch date with Garrison at the Plantation Room of the Roosevelt, for which Jim was late, so I sat with Monk until Jim came. Then, when he left, he came over to out table and invited me to his office when I finished, and when I had to leave there for another appointment, he gave me his home number, and I went there after supper. Most of our conversation dealt with the pinball cases. However, at lunch he told me these things of interest: that when Dean Andrews phoned him from the hospital to ask him to represent Oswald, he gave Monk the mother's phone. Monk does not know if he preserved that note, but he does recall making it. The certainly tends to validate Andrews' original story. And he also got a tip that Ruby was at the Ochsner clinic during the summer of 1963 for a cancer checkup which revealed that he did have one. When I told Jim this he said they also had gotten that report but could find no confirming record at the hospital. This does not necessarily mean that it had existed and had been destroyed, but that is not impossible. When I told Monk that one of Ruby's lawyers had been surprised at learning Ruby was sick at all, he found it unimpressive. Zelden, and experienced criminal lawyer who has psent a lifetime dealing with the most wretched types, insists the one thing that can't make sense is a Ruby killing Oswald out of compassion for the bereaved, and he agrees the only purpose served was to shut LHO's mouth.

On the Garrison indictment(s), he simply can't understand the defense request for a change of venue from the area in which Garrison is the most popular single person. He finds the motion as made strange in that it was made by Dymond alone, without similar motions by the others or their signing that one. They did agree and join in open court. Monk feels this indicates that the other defendants and their counsel learned about this in the last minute only and acted without considered judgement. I can't understand the change of venue request, even if it is rigged to get before a sympathetic judge, for it is the jury, not the judge, which decides, and Monk agrees that there is only so much a judge can do. Best jury prospects would seem to be in N.O. I find myself wondering if they hope for a denial, one prospect I didn't discuss with Monk. It is not difficult to wonder about Dymond.

Monk had this account of his representation of Andrews in the perjury case: Andrews asked him to represent, he did a lengthy legal memorandum after research and concluded that of the two possibilities under local law, the wrong one had been used to indict Andrews and that, despite Andrews' WC testinony, he had not waived one of the three absolute immunities under local law, lawyer-client (doctor-patient and priest-confesser others). He therefore gave Andrews the memo, told him when he got before the grand jury to refuse to say anything under the privelege, and waited outside the grand-jury chambers for about 3 hrs. while Dean rambled on. If this was not too much, the next thing he knew was when he turned the TV news on at home and heard that Dean's lawyer was subpenaeing as I recall 37 witness es, beginning with the governor (who was soon on the horn, Zelden knowing him well- and Monk feels that to this day McKeithen doesn't believe McK believes Monk's assurances that he had had nothing to do with it and didn't know of it until after it happened.However, this was too much, he told Dean to get another lawyer, and he asked the judge to be relieved. The judge refused (in chambers) and Zelden told him where to go and simply said he'd take the judge to court if not relieved. In court, the judge announced Zelden's withdrawal, asked Dean if he had new counsel and was assured "I have the best lawyer in New Orleans". The judge instructed the clerk to make it a matter of record and asked Dean to identify his new counsel for the record. "Dean A. Andrews, Jr.", Andrews said!When I discussed the personal afiars of the client of another lawyer he knows and we discussed that lawyer, I wondered how it came to pass that one lawyer represented so many of those in whom Garrison was interested, suggesting that there might have been federal help. Monk said that Le Coeur had assured him to the contrary and I replied that had it been done, the one person not to be informed had to be the federal attorney. He didn't dispute this.

Monk has done 8 chapters of a book on his life in court, the status of justice (he believes it impossible of unlikely for the poor and unpopular), titled Just-Us? One chapter has this title with the ? xed out.

For a reason not clear he asked me if I had seen a story out of Denver in the NYTimes in the past month, on the Mafia. He then was not certain it had appeared there. The reporter had been to see him. He said there had been a series of such stories in that Denver paper, the name of which he doesn't know.

I was late leaving his office, for that had been improvised and Jim had been late. DT had phoned and said she was coming. She waited in the motel office, there being no lobby. She said as soon as she left it that they had sort of pumped her about me, giving her the impression they consider me some kind of private investigator. I suspect that if this is true, she helped foster the opinion by calling and leaving no message several times in a single day, on several days, and once, I think, when I was in, when the calling party hung up.

Jim gave me an Offense Report of the Dallas police, of a disturbance at the Bledsoe home. He did not include the covering letter, which was one signing himself a former Dallas policeman.

John,

Jim's present janitor, with whom I had a long chat before anyone got in the office this a.m., told me he had been handyman at the Bourbon House for close to 20 years. He had been questioned closely about seeing Oswald there by someone on the staff, but did not recall it, and he thought the name Thornley was familiar. His is a quaint pictureof the B.H., a sort of home away from home where messages were accepted and passed, and where they had a better chance of reaching those for whom intended fast than if left at homes. It was at 700 Bourbon